

Golden Sun: The Adept's War

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Summary: A remake of an old friend of mine, my first story, published originally on 01/06/07. Chapter One: A short reworking of what I had last time, I never got past the first one then...

***Chapter 1*: Chapter I: Impulsive Reasoning**

Hello. This is a repost of my very first story, "textually" re-mastered if you will. I'm not sure if I will have time to constantly update this, but I don't want this to fade away. No, not a chance. So, I say to you that this story shall indeed, live on. Originally posted on the 6th of January, Two Thousand and Seven, here is the re-created version of Golden Sun: The Adept's War. ~Finalage.

Of course, I do not own Golden Sun or any of it's affiliates.

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Chapter One: Impulsive Reasoning

+ -TAW- +

Amenos, shining down upon a majestic ship...

Its rays only touch upon one soul, awake in the night...

A shadow wraith, wracked with...

Sorrow? Regret? It knows not. Yet...

Heart Beating, eyes bright, it knows wrong has been done.

Suffer thee, the consequences wrought by fate...

Kraden sighed, crumpling the paper upon which he was scribbling and tossing it to the sea. He never fancied himself as a poet, he didn't have the wit. Regardless of his intelligence, he had not the ability to strong words together as a bard must. Gnarled hands grasped firm upon the

flawless wood of the railing as he stared out across the sea. Footsteps, too light for him to hear, paused at the doorway behind him.

"Daydreaming, Kraden?"

The elderly scholar almost fell out of the boat, grasping the railing wildly as he lost his balance. He had spun to the source of the voice, his heart, pumping in his throat, made him gasp...but it was only Jenna, clad in her traveling clothes, it seems she wasn't the only one who would not dare sleep.

"Jenna...you just...you just... knocked off ten years from my life! Everybody else is asleep!"

She had to smile at that one. Ten years from his life? If that was the case, he probably should fall dead right now, in front of her eyes. Shaking her head, she rose her eyebrows to tell him what she thought of that statement, but when she spoke, her voice took on a softer tone.

"You're not the only one awake Kraden. After all we have just been through...I don't think sleep will be a very common thing around here anymore, not for a while at least...I saw Isaac sitting on his bed, just staring at his blade. I think Felix is the only one asleep, but it doesn't seem like a good one..."

It was true of course. Directly underneath them, Isaac sat on his bed, staring at his blade, remembering how he had risen it against the Doom Dragon, staring into its eyes...and realizing whom he faced. He had grit his teeth, but nonetheless, when he lunged forth, his stride was no slower, his blows no softer, his mind crystal clear. He remembered, and felt like a monster.

Yet, he was hailed as a hero, and had been given his father back as a prize. He didn't understand...how this all seemed to work. He had always seemed to know what to do, as if a giant hand guided him where to go. Told him to move here, go to this town, do this, do that, say yes, say no, but now, he seemed lost.

Had he really done what was right? Releasing Alchemy upon an unsuspecting world?

Felix tossed around in his bed, somewhere in another area of the ship, his mind plagued with nightmares, his parents growing fangs and lunging at him, roaring as he stood, quivering, his blade winking dimly in the light.

He had stayed back originally in the fight against the doom dragon, there was only enough room on the tower for four people to fight without the worry of falling...but when Ivan had fallen, he had been pushed forth. To find out that mammoth beast had been his parents...to discover that Isaac had felt it and he had not, and yet had still charged forth, fearless into the blaze, really hit him, hurt him. What kind of "hero" didn't do that? Regardless of what they would lose, they would push on; at least, that's what the books depicted...

Off to the side, again in another room, Ivan lay on his bed, staring up at the ceiling. His hands twitched as he held captive, his Psynergy. The master had warned him, in his own little way, he had warned him of the dangerous addiction, the love of diving into another's mind. Isaac had called upon his ability time and time again, always he had felt giddy, the energy flowing through, the knowledge of another laid bare for him to see, if he so wished...

At the moment, he was sober however, even as he reached out and touched upon Mia's mind. Restless, that's what described her. She was halfway between the land of dreams and that of the alive, awake. Mind flitting from one thought to the next, some thoughts simply being unable to describe with words. Not all of mind "reading" was with words of course, occasionally, if the connection was strong, images leapt across the bridge.

Ivan was well familiar with the mind he was divining upon, and thus, his connection was strong, his eyes settling upon a massive ship, covered in ice, adepts, all of those from Prox, collecting their energy to smite her to the ground, all the while, chains of fire surrounded her, squeezing tight. It wasn't a pleasant dream...and he felt for her, even as the power continued to flow through him, make him forget.

All of these, in the same quandary, the same question repeating in their minds, in different forms, leading along the same paths. Would they be accepted in their homes after this, once what they had done became known? Would they regret the decision they made? Did Alex have the Golden Sun...and what would he do with it if he did? Getting back to Jenna however, she paused in her speech.

She had been reiterating her problems and concerns, spilling her thoughts upon what had always been ready and able ears. Kraden's. Yet, as she turned around to ask her long time mentor a question, she found that he had fallen asleep on the banister of the ship's railing. He'd freeze like that...and while she was slightly peeved that he had done something he had long scolded her, Garet or occasionally Isaac, of doing; she did realize that he must be tired. He wasn't as young as he used to be after all...

Walking to the doorway she had come from, about to go get a blanket for him at the very least, she paused as Garet appeared in the stairway. He was rubbing his eyes, yawning. Someone grumbled at him to move. The red headed adept slowly climbed the stairs, leading a trail behind him, as behind Piers was Isaac, his blade sheathed in his back, Felix bringing up the rear. Isaac shook his head.

"I did say they probably just couldn't sleep and were up top, didn't I?"

"Well, you can never be too careful, Isaac."

Felix, again worrying about her. Or was he just using her "disappearance" as an excuse, keeping his mind off other things? She shook her head, letting her braid fly loosely behind her. She placed her hands on her hips before addressing him.

"Felix, I'm big enough, I can handle myself, you know. We just went literally all over Weyard, fighting who-knows-what, to release Alchemy, I think I can survive a few minutes on top of an empty ship."

Isaac didn't say anything to that one, not as Felix gave her "the look", which prompted her to stomp her foot like a child, adamant. Ohh boy, it was happening again. Ehh. What could he do? Jenna and Felix would always be brother and sister, children when together. It made him smile though...

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Zing! Remade, a bit expanded from the last time, but it's short as hay for my current style now. I like to make chapters around forty to fifty KB, this is nine. Anyway, as I claimed, this is a remake of an old, old friend. Tell me what you think, ehh? If you enjoy this short blurb, I'll put up what

I originally intended to be the storyline for this, I never got past the first chapter last time...sorrowful. Finalage out.

***Chapter 2*: Chapter II: Soothing Poison**

Now I can get a little serious. Now, anyone who has seen my other work, Young Negi: An Applied Approach, knows that that story was also remade, and that I always claim it has been waiting for a long while for that release. Well, this one had been waiting longer for that...but I needed to practice first. Now I have my practice. Flashgunner, yes, it is Anemos, blame the long, long time it's been since I've played the game. That transition was awkward too, I apologize.

Business time. I don't Own Golden Sun in any way.

+ -GS- +

Chapter Two: Soothing Poison

+ -TAW- +

Water. Everywhere he looked, there was *water*. It wasn't that Gareth minded the sea much. It was all he had dreamed of when Kraden had promised them to show them, one day, that brilliant and endless sea. Yet, he wanted to see it from *his* ship.

Well, no, in actuality, he wanted to see it from Isaac's ship, but the end result was the same...Yet, it was not to be, for, upon meeting up with the whole gang again and going off to set sail, Isaac had discovered that he had been gypped. His ship had been swept away from under his nose by a mysterious "blue haired man."

Obviously, Alex had needed a ride...but did he have to steal their ship? That was just low! Lower than the ants underneath his boots. What was worse was the fact that Isaac didn't seem much to care. He had simply shaken his head. What were they going to do, give chase? They had something more important to do.

Something like lighting the Mars beacon. Isaac had complimented Piers on his ship, and ran practiced hands over the helm. Piers had offered for Isaac to take the wheel, but he had declined, claimed he knew how to pilot a ship, but not a *flying* one.

Turned out that he was better at it than Piers though. Piers was better at sea though, and he wasn't far behind Isaac in the air, so generally, Isaac stuck to navigation. Gareth had been really bad at Navigating on their old ship; Ivan was the closest thing to Isaac reading the map himself...

Yet, he was getting off topic. He had been thinking about how ugly the sea looked from this ship. Perhaps it was simply from being in the sea for so long, but Gareth blamed the ship. True, it was bigger and better looking and had wings, but he wanted *his* ship.

Okay, again, not *his* ship, but you get my point!

Gareth didn't notice Isaac coming behind him, in fact, when the young man placed a gentle hand on the shoulder of his long friend, Gareth spun like a top, swinging out his dark blade on instinct. Isaac, eyes wide, ducked under the swing, and grabbed his arm. Gareth paled once he saw who he had tried to behead.

"Isaac! Oh shoot, sorry, sorry! I was just...I thought some monster had snuck up on me."

Shaking his head, Isaac let go of his arm, giving a small smile. Now Gareth may not notice much, but he had known this earth adept most of his life...and he knew that that smile was just a bit smaller than usual, those blue eyes just a bit more...weighted.

"It's alright Gareth...it's understandable to be cautious. I just noticed you staring out at sea again...something on your mind?"

Looking out at the sea, the taller shook his head slightly, but these small motions never did Gareth much good, and he snapped his head back to get rid of a crick that had developed. Mia hated when he did that, crick his neck, but hey, how was he supposed to get it limber otherwise?

"Nothing Isaac, just thinking how ugly the sea looks from this ship. I want our ship back. The sea looked better from it."

Isaac walked to the gangway of the ship, leaning on the railing to look out. Now, in all honesty, most in the company might think Gareth uninventive, coming up with a "lame excuse" to mask what he was thinking, but Isaac knew better. It *was* what Gareth was thinking, simple as that.

Many might call him stupid, or brash, bumbling, clumsy, an oaf. Isaac simply thought you had to give his friend time. He was as intelligent as any other, and could understand anything anyone else could, you just had to push him a little harder, and that was all. He took things a different way, learned things through action, not with books and fancy words.

"Maybe... I think it's just that we've been staring at it for so long, and it's starting to get annoying. After all, it's the same thing out there, water. The only thing that's really changed

is time. Don't blame the ship Gareth, we'll get ours back. Don't worry."

That's what he said, but Gareth knew getting the ship back was a low priority on his list. His main concern was getting back to Vale to see if everyone was alright, and then trying to reign in the chaos the Golden Sun might cause. Maybe he might go looking for the ship, but it was most likely going to be something far from his mind.

Garet opened his mouth to say something, but the clunk of boots interrupted him, as Felix came from behind Isaac to inform the both of them that Piers needed them at the bow, as they were in clear sea now, and they could try to fly the ship now. Felix was assigned this part of the gangway.

Blinking at his sudden appearance, Gareth shut his mouth.

Isaac brushed by the both him and Gareth, and for the first time in a while, the red head felt a spark of power as Isaac walked on by, gathering his energy for when he would reach the bow. Isaac wasn't one who slung about his psyenergy much. Felix loved to cast "Odyssey", but Isaac preferred to rush in, raising his blade to deal judgment that way.

It was the main reason Isaac had the "Sol Blade" strapped to his back. They had all found it, due to Isaac's persistence, claiming he felt as if something was down a dark path in that final Lighthouse. Isaac's hunches weren't to be taken lightly, especially when Ivan confirmed them.

Either Felix or Isaac could have held it, and originally, as Isaac opened the chest, Felix and reached in to snatch the blade, his eyes gleaming. Isaac hadn't seemed to mind, but Gareth did, a lot. Isaac had been the one who fought him tooth and nail to come down here and find it, it should be his.

Eventually, Felix had surrendered the light, gleaming blade. It didn't feel right in his hand, and had yet to display any ability besides its incredible balance and precision. Felix would stick to his Excalibur, thank you very much. He wanted to have a release to lean on, if needed.

Imagine how cheated he had felt when, in the first battle afterwards, Isaac had rushed in, his blade gleaming bright before he leapt up into the air, into a brilliant purgatory, slashing down viciously upon a giant sphere of psyenergetic fire to smite the foe.

Apparently, the Sol Blade didn't like Felix. Or maybe, as Ivan had shrewdly pointed out, Isaac was just luckier than he was. After all, wasn't it Felix who, after losing a large amount of money in Lucky Dice, passed the dice to Isaac in frustration, only to see the boy win all of their debts back, and then a little extra for a room at the Inn?

Ironical that Isaac wasn't a gambler.

Felix would grumble about that, and then, at the nearest rest stop, ask Isaac for a spar, where he would emphasize his larger size and thus greater strength, only to have Isaac match him with greater speed and an innovative mind...not to say that Felix was not an exemplary swordsman, but he was too conventional.

Ahh, he was off topic again! The point was that Isaac's energy was...stronger than he remembered it being...of course, as soon as he thought that, he felt like slapping himself. Obviously it would be stronger. How long had it been since Isaac had gathered his power like that?

The last time they had flown the ship, which would have been before they smashed their way through that ice and when to Prox, before the whole lighthouse, before everyone

was exposed to all that raw Mars energy, which he probably hadn't burned completely off yet.

Gathering his own energy for the long haul ahead, Gareth looked to Felix, expectantly waiting for him to do the same. Unlike Isaac, Felix had little patience, so Gareth found the dark haired adept had already gathered his energy around him, his focus already initiated. Gareth was the slow one here.

Not that this was much of a surprise to the other, who, frankly, could care less. Gareth was about to open his mouth, but Felix waved him off, mumbling.

"Focus on moving the ship, not bugging me."

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About an hour later, as the sun was held high in the sky, Piers called for a halt, bringing them gently down in the sea with definitive grace, barely making a splash...something that Ivan and Sheba both were proud of, for they were the main driving forces behind keeping this ship airborne, even if the others provided the raw power, they had to maneuver it.

Setting down meant a call for lunch, which was always well appreciated, if the fare was a smite weaker than they would like. After all, heroes or no, in the middle of the sea, there was little for them to do about variety, or freshness for that matter.

Like it or not, a hero's life wasn't as glorified as it was advertised to be. It was fish, some nondescript species that no one had any identification for, but it was a plentiful flipper, and they had already experimented with it before.

It didn't taste like poison at least, and no one was dead yet either. So there was a comfort about the foodstuff...at least, no one really worried. Yet, no one really cared what they ate when they got hungry any more; you couldn't afford such an attitude if you wanted to be alive away from home for long after all.

No, conversation was normal at the dinner table. Of course, that was until Piers asked Isaac to estimate how long it would be until they got home. Isaac had been casting his eyes to the sky earlier, trying to figure out where they were after their flight...now, he recalled those thoughts.

"...I believe we are some few leagues from Loho, perhaps near the Gondowan Settlement on this side of the continent. I would estimate about two or three more days flying should get us to the tip of Gondowan..."

"...Of course, if Isaac used his little transportation trick, we'd be there *already*..."

The effect of that statement was automatic, an instant hush that had fallen over all of them. Isaac didn't move, not even if he had been about to raise a cup to his lips. Felix, annoyed, pushed the silence away with his voice.

"What? It's the truth. He got us all to Prox that way."

"Felix, the Teleport Lapis broke for a reason. Ivan tried to control it...and failed. I may have taken it from him, and I might have become the vessel for the power now...but that...thing...is too risky to use. I was desperate to keep everyone safe. Prox wasn't that far from the lighthouse, not compared to how far we are from Vale, Felix."

Unbidden, a shiver ran through Ivan as he remembered finding the crystal in the chest, and trying to use it. It had completely overwhelmed him, ripping through him and

activating the engraving on the floor, slowly pulling him apart it, at least, it felt like that.

Such an unnatural feeling it had been, he had screamed, as Gareth had lunged forth, trying to grab him, Ivan was the only one that had been pulled in... Isaac had ripped the crystal from his hands, but the effects did not stop until he had risen his blade and struck down upon it, shattering it and activating the portal beneath them, pulling them all into the dark mist.

Felix had almost killed Isaac in his rage, for he believed Isaac had effectively trapped them in a place that you could only exit through a portal... He had swung out with his blade viciously, as if to rip Isaac in half, but he had twisted away, avoiding Felix in his mad rush. On accident, Isaac had tripped, and disappeared in a glow of psyenergy, only to return, staring at his own hands, a few seconds later.

Of course, after that, no one spoke about it much. There was frankly no time, and besides the fact that they were happy they weren't trapped anymore...no one wanted to push it in the direction of Isaac. After all, no one had ever tried *breaking* an item that granted them psyenergy before...

There was no telling what the repercussions were, and Isaac was nothing if not cautious..

Still, one must go back to the present, and in the present, Isaac had stood up stiffly, not daring to glance into his addressor's eyes. In truth, they really were just a step away from Vale... but Isaac didn't dare tap into the part of himself.

"So you're afraid to use it is what you're telling me."

"If that gets the message across, then yes."

"You'd rather us waste days, not knowing what

happened, or could possibly happen, worrying... based on your *fear*?"

Using Teleport felt like ripping yourself in half. You never were sure what it was that you left behind. Teleporting a whole ship...and all of its occupants... would be insane. He wouldn't risk people's lives like that, not for a few days of time saved; it was like rushing across the last leg of a journey, only to get run over by a carriage.

Sometimes the time saved wasn't worth the risk.

*"If we travel about a day or so, I think we could skip through a chunk of Gondwan by flying. We might cut down our travel time by about two days from there... if I am correct. However, I see **no swifter** way home. Please excuse me Piers, I must go to check the skies."*

With a flick of his scarf, Isaac left the room, leaving his barely touched food on the table. Felix looked after him, a bit disgusted. Not for any particular reason mind you, just the thought that he believed Isaac to be cowardly. Not that they could do anything...Felix stood, but he felt a hand on his elbow, Mia's eyes piercing him.

"Leave him be...you've done enough."

Not like you could rip the lapis from his hands after all...

+-E-+

Next chapter is where things will get interesting, but for now, this is still the residual as I shift focuses. My other story is finished, I hold the balance of a sequel in my hands, and I struggle to update other stories all the while. For now though, I hope you stick around. I'll show you what I've

got...I just need to refocus the lens...or recalibrate the screen, where's the ModTools on this thing?

This is shamefully short, and took shamefully long to write!

Finalage out.